

Poetry.

From the Boston Courier.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COURIER:

Reading lately in the newspapers an account of the capture of some fugitive slaves, within a few miles of the capitol of our Republic, I confess my astonishment at finding no comment made upon what seemed to me an act of unparalleled inhumanity. Thirty unfortunate disciples of the Declaration of Independence pursued and captured by some two hundred armed minions of tyranny! It seems strange that a burst of indignation, from one end of our free country to the other, did not follow so atrocious a deed. At least, it seemed a proper occasion for sympathy on the part of one of our daily papers, which, a year or two ago, endorsed Lord Morpeth's sentiment, that

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

Though such a mode of emancipation is totally abhorrent to my feelings, and though I would earnestly deprecate any attempt at insurrection on the part of our slave population, yet I confess to the weakness of being so far human in my feelings, as to sympathize deeply with these unhappy beings, who have been thwarted in their endeavor to convert themselves from chattels into men, by the peaceful method of simply changing their geographical position. Under these feelings, and believing you to be a man with sufficient confidence in the justness of your own opinions, not to fear to publish sentiments which may chance to go beyond, or even directly contravene, your own, I wrote the following

LINES,

On reading of the capture of certain fugitive slaves near Washington.

Look on who will in apathy, and stifle, they who can,
The sympathies, the hopes, the words, that make man truly man;

Let those whose hearts are dungeoned up with interest or with ease,
Consent to hear with quiet pulse of lonesome deeds like these:

I first drew in New England's air, and from her hardy breast
Sucked in the tyrant-hating milk that will not let me rest;

And, if my words seem treason to the dillard and the tame,
Tis but my Bay-State dialect—our fathers spake the same!

Shame on the costly mockery of piling stone on stone
To those who won our liberty, the heroes dead and gone,
While we look coldly on, and see law-shielded ruffians slay

The men who fain would win their own, the heroes of to-day!

Are we pledged to craven silence? O, fling it to the wind,
The parchment wall that bars us from the least of human kind—
That makes us cringe, and temporize, and dumbly stand at rest,

When City's burning flood of words is red-hot in the breast!

Though we break our fathers' promise, we have nobler duties first;
The traitor to Humanity is the traitor most accursed;
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,—

Than be true to Church and State, while we are doubly false to God!

We owe allegiance to the State, but deeper, truer, more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's core:—

Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

He's true to God who's true to man; wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and weakest, 'neath the all-beholding Sun.

That wrong is also done to us; and they are slaves most base,
Whose love of Right is for themselves, and not for all their race.

God works for all: Ye cannot hem the hope of being free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain-range or sea.
Put golden pad-locks on Truth's lips, be callous as ye will,
From soul to soul, o'er all the world, leaps one electric thrill.

Chain down your slaves with ignorance, ye cannot keep apart,
With all your craft of tyranny, the human heart from heart.

When first the Pilgrims landed on the Bay State's iron shore,
The word went forth that Slavery should one day be no more.

Out from the land of bondage 'tis decreed our slaves shall go,
And signs to us are offered, as erst to Pharaoh.

If we are blind, their exodus, like Israel's of yore,
Through a Red sea is doomed to be, whose surges are of gore.

'Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace and love to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it to sin;

But if man before his duty with a listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out his hands.

J. R. L.

Miscellaneous

From the Granite Freeman.

Washington's Runaway Slave.

There is now living, in the borders of the town of Greenland, New Hampshire, a runaway slave of GEN. WASHINGTON, at present supported by the county of Rockingham. Her name, at the time of her elopement, was Ona Maria Judge. She is not able to give the year of her escape, but says she came from Philadelphia, just after the close of Washington's second term of the Presidency, which must fix it somewhere in the first part of the year 1797. Being a waiting-maid of Mrs. Washington, she was not exposed to any peculiar hardships. If asked why she did not remain in his service, she gives two reasons; first, she wanted to be free; secondly, that she understood that after the decease of her master and mistress, she was to become the property of a granddaughter of theirs, by the name of Custis, and that she was determined never to be her slave.

She came on board a ship commanded by Captain John Bolles, and bound to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. In relating it, she added, "I never told his name till after he died, a few years since, lest they should punish him for bringing me away." Had she disclosed it, he might have shared the fate of Jonathan Walker, in our own day.

Some time after her arrival at Portsmouth, she married a colored sailor, by the name of Staines, and had a family of several children, but they, together with her husband, have all been dead for several years.

Washington made two attempts to recover her.—First, he sent a man by the name of Basset, to per-

suade her to return; but she resisted all the arguments he employed for this end. He told her that they would set her free when she arrived at Mt. Vernon, to which she replied, "I am free now, and choose to remain so."

Finding all attempts to seduce her to slavery again in this manner useless, Basset was sent once more by Washington, with orders to bring her and her infant child by force. The messenger, being acquainted with Gov. Langdon, then of Portsmouth, took up lodgings with him, and disclosed to him the object of his mission. The good old Governor, (to his honor be it spoken,) must have possessed something of the spirit of modern Anti Slavery. He entertained Basset very handsomely, and in the meantime sent word to Mrs. Staines to leave town before twelve o'clock at night, which she did, retired to a place of concealment, and escaped the clutches of the oppressor.—Shortly after this, Washington died, and, said she, "they never troubled me any more after he was gone."

Being asked how she escaped, she replied substantially, as follows: "Whilst they were packing up to go to Virginia, I was packing to go, I don't know where; for I knew that if I went back to Virginia, I never should get my liberty. I had friends among the colored people of Philadelphia, had my things carried there before hand, and left while they were eating dinner."

Mrs. Staines does not know her age, but is probably not far from eighty. She is a light mulatto, so light that she might easily pass for a white woman, small of stature, and, although disabled by two successive attacks of palsy, remarkably erect and elegant in her form.

The facts here related, are known through this region, and may be relied on as substantially correct. Probably they were not far from years given to the public, for fear of her recapture; but this reason no longer exists, since she is too old and infirm to be of sufficient value to repay the expense of search.

Though a house servant, she had no education, nor any valuable religious instruction; says she never heard Washington pray, and does not believe he was accustomed to. "Mrs. Washington used to read prayers, but I don't call that praying." Since her escape she has learned to read, trusts she has been made "wise unto salvation," and is, I think, connected with a church in Portsmouth.

When asked if she is not sorry she left Washington, as she has labored so much harder since than before, her reply is, "No, I am free, and have, I trust, been made a child of God by the means."

Never shall I forget the fire that kindled in her aged dimmed eye, or the smile that played upon her withered countenance, as I spake of that Redeemer in whom there is neither "bond nor free," who loves his people to the end; and as I bowed with her at the mercy seat and commended her to Him "who heareth prayer," and who regards "the poor and needy when they cry," I felt that were it mine to choose, I would not exchange her possessions, "rich in faith," sustained, while tottering over the grave, by "a hope of immortality," for all the glory and renown of him whose slave she was.

T. H. A.

SEATHAM, May, 1845.

Workings of Slavery.

We find in the Green Mountain Freeman, a letter from Rev. J. C. Aspinwall, who has lately visited the settlements of the runaway slaves in Canada.—Some of his statements are curious enough, and furnish a most significant illustration of the workings of the "peculiar institution." Among the Canada fugitives is Mr. Daniel Chinn, who is both brother-in-law and father-in-law of Hon. Richard M. Johnson of Kentucky. That is, Colonel Johnson married Mr. Chinn's sister Julia Ann, one of his own slaves, by whom he had two daughters that he recognized and educated as his children. Mrs. Johnson died of the cholera when that disease first made its appearance in the United States; and respectable men of Kentucky testify that Col. Johnson has since lived with one of Mr. Chinn's daughters, as though she was his wife. This, according to common calculations, would make Mr. Chinn father-in-law of the venerable ex-Vice President of our great republican nation. It appears that Col. Johnson took Mr. Chinn's oldest son, Marcellus, on his first electioneering tour for the Vice Presidency; and that the boy left him at New York. Johnson tried to obtain information respecting the boy's whereabouts of Lewis Tappan, Esq., who offered to bring him forward on condition that his free papers should first be made out and signed. This, the Col. refused to do. On his second electioneering tour, he took with him his body servant, the elder Mr. Chinn, in whom he placed unbounded confidence.—But, like his son, he too chose to be a man, and left Johnson at Detroit, crossed over into Canada, and has resided there ever since. The Col. has written him two letters, urging him to return to his service, one of which contained some rather severe threats if he did not. "Ludwick Davies," one of Johnson's slaveholding companions, has also visited him at London, and used his best endeavors to persuade him to return.

Much credit, says Mr. Aspinwall, has been given to the Col. for his generous conduct to this family, but this conduct in becoming the father of children by three women, the sisters of Mr. Chinn's wife, who is, in fact, both his brother-in-law and father-in-law, and then selling them all, both the woman and his children, to James Peck, to be carried off in slavery, as Mr. Chinn states that he did, may not be quite so highly commended, though in point of morality it will well compare with his other conduct.

Strenuous efforts are frequently made by masters to recover their lost slaves, and not unfrequently are fugitives tempted, by the offer of freedom to themselves or their relatives, to betray their fellow fugitives. Mr. Aspinwall furnishes one example of this. Mr. Chinn, the slave of Col. Johnson above alluded to, was written to by Mr. Newton Craig, the keeper of the Kentucky penitentiary, and told that if he would betray a slave of the latter, who was supposed to be in Canada, his son Daniel should be set free, and Col. Johnson, his former master, would also send him free papers for himself. The letter of Mr. Craig is cunningly worded, and offers inducements which have had great force with a man situated like Mr.

Chinn, but to his honor be it recorded, the temptation was not too strong for his manly virtue and integrity. No selfish desire to secure the freedom of a darling son, or to render his own situation more free from danger, could induce him to betray a companion in trouble. No man of sound principle can read the letter of Craig, knowing at the same time what answer was given to it by the fugitive, without feeling contempt for the former, and admiration for the noble conduct of the latter. The slave was certainly most of a man.

This system of slavery may well be called a "peculiar institution," for in its principles and workings it has no parallel in heaven above, or in the earth beneath. That will be a glorious day for our country which shall witness its peaceful overthrow.—*Libera.*

From the Religious Spectator.

Frederick Douglass—Horrors of Slavery.

We had a book put into our hands the other day, purporting to be the autobiography of a slave, who had escaped from bondage, by the name of Frederick Douglass, and we frankly acknowledge, that had it not been for our confidence in the good judgment of the friend from whom the book came, who we knew had little sympathy with the class of technical abolitionists, we might possibly have laid it aside, without reading it, from perceiving that it was published under the patronage of several individuals, whose course on the subject of slavery we have never regarded as either politic or right.

On looking into the book, however, we have found it to contain one of the most remarkable and thrilling narratives that have ever fallen under our eye; and though there are some things in it which we regret, particularly the strong expressions against professing Christians at the South, yet we see nothing to cast even a shade of doubt over the authenticity of the narrative, even in respect to its minutest details. We should, indeed, have made a single exception to this remark—that is, we should have doubted the practicability of such a book being produced by a poor runaway slave, had it not been that we are assured that his efforts as a public speaker are quite equal to what he has here shown himself to be as a writer; and we have it upon good authority, that his lectures are characterized by as able reasoning, as genuine wit, and as bold and stirring appeals, as we almost ever find in connection with the highest intellectual culture.

Unless we greatly mistake, this small work to which we are referring is destined to exert a mighty influence in favor of the great cause of Emancipation.—We acknowledge for ourselves, that we might have heard the system of Slavery reasoned against abstractly, no matter how ably, and no matter how long, and yet we could not have been so deeply impressed with it as an outrage against humanity, as we have been by reading this simple story. It is especially fitted to correct a too prevalent error that Slavery in itself is not deserving of any severe reprobation—that it is only the abuses of the system with which we have a right to find fault.

And we acknowledge ourselves to be among those who look for its removal at no distant day. It seems to us as clear as the shining of the sun, that there are signs of the times which betoken a speedy and mighty revolution on this subject. The march of public opinion is evidently in favor of emancipation and opposition can no more arrest it than it can arrest the motion of the planets. There is a spirit awake throughout all the North, that cries out for universal Freedom, and all the agitation and opposition that we witness at the South is but the heaving of the same spirit under different circumstances. It tells of a terrible conflict between selfishness and conscience, which will certainly terminate at last in favor of the better principle.

What particular mode of abolishing slavery from our land, Providence may ordain—whether it shall be by bringing the South to bow to the high dictates of conscience and of duty, or by suffering the slaves themselves to become ministers of vengeance toward their oppressors, or by some other means, of which we know nothing—we pretend not to say; but the event of ultimate emancipation, in some way, we consider as absolutely certain; and while we would have all labor to bring it about, we would have all take counsel of the spirit of prudence, as well as philanthropy, in respect to the channel in which their labors shall be directed.

The Storming of Quebec.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

As the conquest of Canada seems to have been a leading object in our two defensive wars with Great Britain, we would respectfully call the attention of all the truly valiant, and of all those whose patriotism is not "run" in a pair of bullet moulds, to the present juncture of affairs in Quebec. We are firmly persuaded that that redoubtable city might be easily overcome, if a well arranged descent was made upon it, without a moment's delay. And if Captain Polk would but commission us to fit out that great Leviathan, the Ohio, which lies basking its crocodile back in Boston harbor, and permit us to man and arm it with such men & arms as we wot of, we would engage to reduce that American Gibraltar in ten days, without the loss of a single drop of blood. Who cares for Wolfe and Montgomery? Brave men they were, in a certain sort of fashion; but they did "not know anything about war;" about overcoming enemies; they had not the gospel knock of taking a city.—Their tactics and tools were all short-sighted and short-bitted. The difficulty with them and all of their kind was this—they could not get at the enemy. They pushed thousands of their foes into eternity on the points of their bayonets; their cannon fenced the plains of Abraham with windrows of dead men; but they never killed an enemy. Enemies are as immortal as any malignant spirits, and you might as well hope to shoot sin stone dead, as to shoot an enemy. There is but one way given under heaven by which one can kill an enemy, and that is, by putting coals of fire upon his head; that does the business for him at once. Lie in wait for him, and when you catch him in trouble, faint from hunger or thirst, or shivering with cold, spring upon him like a good Samaritan, with your eyes, hands, tongue, and heart full of good gifts. Feed him, give him drink, and warn him

with clothes and words of kindness; and he is done for. You have killed an enemy and made a friend at one shot.

Now, as we were saying, we should like to be put in command of the Ohio for thirty days. We would trundle out all that was made of iron, except the anchor, cable, and marlingspike—we would not save a single cutlass, though it had been domesticated to a cheese knife. Then the way we would lade down the huge vessel to the water's edge with food and coverings for human beings, should be a marvel in the carrying trade. The very ballasts should be something good to eat. Let's see—yes—we have it! The ballast should be round clams, or the real quabags—heavy as cast iron and capital for roasting. Then we would build along up, filling every square inch with well cured provisions. We would have a hog's-head of bacon mounted into every port hole, each of which should discharge fifty hams a minute when the ship was brought into action. And the state rooms should be filled with well made garments, and the taut cordage, and the long tapering spars should be festooned with boy's jackets and trousers. Then, when there should be no more room for another cod-fish or herring, or sprig of catnip, we would run up the white flag of peace, and ere the moon changed, it should wave in triumph in the harbor of Quebec.—We would anchor under the silent cannon of her Gibraltar, and open our buttries upon the hungry and homeless thousands begging bread on the thresholds of their dwellings. We would throw as many hams into the city in twenty four hours, as there were bomb shells and cannon balls thrown into Kell by the besieging armies. We would barricade the low, narrow streets where live the low and hungry people, with loaves of bread. We would throw up a breastwork clear round the market place, of barrels of flour, pork, and beef; and in the middle we would raise a stack of salmon and codfish, as large as a Methodist meeting house, with a steeple to it, and a bell in the steeple, and the bell should ring to all the city bells, and the city bells should ring to all the people to come to market and buy provisions, "without money and without price." And white flags should every where wave in the breeze, on the vanes of steeples, on mast heads, on flag staves along the embattled walls, on the ends of willow sticks borne by the romping, laughing, trooping children. All the blood-colored drapery of war should bow and blush before the stainless standard of Peace, and generations of Anglo Saxons should remember, with mutual felicitations, THE CONQUEST OF THE WHITE FLAG; or The storming of Quebec.

How TO DISARM AN ENEMY.—Luther tells us of a Duke of Saxony, who made war unnecessarily upon a bishop in Germany. At that period, ecclesiastics could command military resources as well as the secular nobility. But the weapons of this good man were not carnal. The duke thought proper, in a very artful way, to send a spy into the company of the bishop, to ascertain his plan of carrying on the contest. On his return, the spy was eagerly interrogated by the duke. "O sir," replied he, "you may surprise him without fear; he is doing nothing, and making no preparation." "How is that?" asked the duke; "what does he say?" "He says he will feed his flock, preach the word, visit the sick; and that, so far as this war, he should commit the weight of it to God himself." "Is it so?" said the duke; "then let the devil wage war against him; I will not."

NEW HERALDRY.—Embroider on every military banner—Love your enemies! Engrave on every cannon—Forgive and ye shall be forgiven! Emboss on every sword—Do good to them that hate you! Stamp every bayonet with the words—Be merciful as your Father in heaven is merciful! Inscribe every military hat with the motto—Bless them that persecute you! Embroider it on every clergyman's vestment who hires himself out to sanctify the art of war—Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of; for the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them! Inscribe in large letters over every pulpit whose occupant denounces Non-Resistance as infidelity—If the blind lead the blind, shall not both fall into the ditch together? Also—Wo unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter! And on the communion table of every war-supporting church, that boasts of its religion, its sanctity, wealth and numbers, write—MENE TEKEU, UPHARSIN!

A CONTRAST.—In one of the New Haven papers there are some details about the elegancies of New York at New Year's. The writer says: "Certain jewellers in Broadway retailed behind their counter fancy goods in their line to the amount of five thousand and ninety dollars! So we go. This evening, near the same store, are seen seated two wretched looking women, with emaciated infants in their arms, begging for bread!"

The same writer says: "I saw fans to day in a fancy shop valued at \$9, but another man has them as high as \$80 or \$100. They are beautifully ornamented with precious stones and oblong mirrors of the size of a dollar, and sometimes in addition, a minute gold pencil and ivory tablets on the side of the handle."

A RUSSIAN COUNT, HIS COUNTESS, AND CHILDREN BURNT ALIVE BY THEIR SERFS.—We have received from Southern Russia the news of the tragical end of Count Apraxin, well known for his divorce from his first wife. This gentleman, who treated his serfs with unheard of cruelty, has, together with his second wife and children, fallen a victim to their vengeance. The infuriated people, at midnight, surrounded his castle, and, having gutted it of its contents, bound the inmates and set fire to it. The Count, who had freed himself, attempted to escape, but was overpowered and beaten to death by his savage horde.

The first wife of the Count Apraxin had married a Hungarian nobleman, but the Pope would not give his consent to this marriage, which, besides, was not recognized by law, her first husband being still alive. The catastrophe which has taken place has now, however, removed this obstacle, and the union having been sanctioned by the Holy See, the countess has been received at the court of Vienna, and by Prince Metternich.—*Paris paper.*